

plete arches of this once impregnable fortress, we could not help mourning over the iconoclastic spirit of the age, which, in its forward march of improvement, necessitated the destruction of the grand old structure, with its antique record of yet grander deeds.

The town is entered by five gates and the railway bridge, a daring structure, which spans the Tweed and presents a most graceful appearance from its numerous arches and great heights. Near it is the old bridge, which, until the new was built, was regarded with wonder as a piece of splendid workmanship, and is, in its almost zigzag parapets, a curiosity, for no two arches run in a straight line, owing, it is said, to the piece-meal plan of building, and the great length of time it was in being finished. Some one writes of it: "What an interesting old relic it is, with its inconveniences in regard to modern traffic, well designed for defense in the days when it was constructed." We can never walk along it, nor hang over its parapets without peopling it with steel-clad horsemen, and buff-jerkined pikemen, who were the figures that crowded it during its youth. How whimsical it is to think of the astonishment of these men if they could be brought to life and have a peep at the new Royal Border railway bridge, whose arches are now hanging close at hand, half way between the Tweed and the clouds!

The names of the streets of the town are all old. Ravensdowne is traced to the thirteenth century, and from these one concludes that there has been very little change in the position of it for the last six hundred years. The curfew (*couvre feu*) continues to be rung at eight o'clock, for fifteen minutes, every evening; and with a greater adherence to old customs, the town is now, as then, astir by five in the morning, when an *ouvre feu*, as I style it, an open fire, also

peals forth. At the foot of High street, on which is our temperance hotel, the Lorne, stands, in the very middle of it, and seriously impeding traffic, the tower, a handsome gothic building, with a spire one hundred and fifty feet high. Near the entrance steps, the old stocks are still to be seen. From its belfry, a peal of bells rings out on all public occasions, in especial the queen's birth and coronation days; and in accordance with another ancient custom, the bell not only tolls a death, but rings in a lively way for the funeral, as in Erlangen, Bavaria. When I first heard it there, I inquired what jubilee was being ushered in. This morning, Jan. 8, 1885, the bells proclaim that Victor, the eldest son of the prince of Wales, attains his majority, and wherever there is a peal of bells throughout the British Isles, this joyous acclaim will be sounded, not once, but many times during the day.

A few hours later, and the bell from the same tower announces two deaths, which occurred last night, under most tragic circumstances. A fire broke out in a confectioner's shop, but a few doors from our hotel, and before assistance could be gained, mother and son perished, suffocated by the smoke. The father died a year since, and he, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," had remained unmarried, the sole support and prop of his aged parent. Again, as I write, the merry chimes follow hard upon the mournful death knell, and so, close upon each other, succeed joy and woe, life and death, mortality and immortality.

To-day our kind-hearted and obliging landlady brings us the visitors' book, with a protest against asking any lodger to write in it, but with the modest request that she might leave it with us, to while away half an hour or so, if we had it at command. We could not resist the silent suggestion, nor fail to glorify her